

with pitch inside and out, and then the fresh grape juice was put into them. They were corked so as to be air-tight, and immersed in a tank of cold fresh water or



ANCIENT WINE BOTTLES.

buried in wet sand for six or eight weeks.

9. Q.—How was the juice found to be when opened?

A.—Perfectly sweet and fresh. By this process it could be kept a year or more.

(To be Continued.)

The Progress of Temperance.

The following remarkable statistics, says an English paper, afford a most encouraging picture of temperance progress during the Queen's reign.

It is pointed out that the development of abstaining temperance had assumed so organized a form by the year 1837, when the Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne, as to warrant the description of the great temperance movement as a distinguishing feature of the Victorian era. With little more than 100 abstinent ministers of religion and no ecclesiastical dignity in 1837, we have now in Britain some thousands of the clergy of all denominations, including two archbishops, sixteen home and more colonial bishops, and lesser dignitaries by the score. From less than a dozen abstaining members of the medical profession sixty years ago, we have now over 1,000, including six university professors (453 of whom have associated themselves in the British Medical Temperance Association for the promotion of abstinence). With no university abstinence society in 1837, there are now several, the first having been founded by a medical student at Glasgow, in 1857, with 100 members, of whom one-third were medical. In the legislature, as elsewhere, abstainers are now seen by the dozen where none were known sixty years ago. Even in the navy and army, in which services only a few men abstained when the Queen ascended the throne, abstainers are to-day numbered by the thousand.

While the advance of abstinence has been very striking among women, there now being central women's temperance associations, with hundreds of local societies, where in the pre-Victorian era there were practically none, it ought not to be forgotten that, though drunkenness has decreased among males, female intemperance has largely increased.

Still more remarkable has been the enormous development of the most hopeful form of the temperance propaganda—the associated work of juvenile societies, now commonly known as Bands of Hope, which these are in every sense of the term. These societies of young people now number over 22,000, with a membership of probably about 3,000,000 children.

An F. R. S. in Trouble.

A London city missionary said recently that, in visiting the lodging houses, he found the drink had a very sad effect upon all classes of men and women, young and old, learned and illiterate. He found in his visitation that a great number of the people who were inmates of those lodging houses to-day came there simply and solely through drink. One case he could give them was that of a man who was the author of seventeen volumes, and a preacher of the gospel, and a fellow of the Royal Society, but through drink that man had been brought down to living in the common lodging-houses. His works were all religious works; he had seen

some of them. Another case he came across only a week or two ago was that of a man who up to two years ago was a total abstainer. He started business by working in a firm in the Potteries and commenced at a salary of 25s. a week. Through his great business capacity he rose until he was earning six pounds a week, and up to two years ago he had been a total abstainer. In less than two years that man had lost his situation and everything else and had come down to the common lodging-house. To-day he was working on the Southwestern Railway at 18s. a week. There was another young man that he had come across who was well educated and a good musician. His father had a good position in India and he had every opportunity of making his way in the world. This young man came to England and got a very good situation. Previous to this he was a total abstainer but he was tempted by some of those in the office to take drink. From drink he went to gambling, and eventually lost his situation, and to-day he was in a lodging-house. Many instances could be given of women who had fallen in the same way. He remembered one who used to ride in her carriage, and could speak six different languages, and was a splendid musician, and yet through drink she lost everything, and became an inmate of the common lodging-houses. Efforts were made to reclaim her, and it was with very great difficulty that one could move her from her old habits. She was taken care of, however, and he believed she was now doing better. He knew of many cases in which the drink had been the ruin of lives of both men and women.

Prohibition Amongst the Romans.

The Romans, under the Republic, were prohibitionists after a fashion.

Men of honorable family were forbidden by law to drink wine before the age of thirty, or to drink to excess; while for women of any condition, free or slave, to touch wine except on some solemn occasion, as a sacrifice, was an offence visited by severe penalties.

Hence originated the custom of girls kissing their parents on their lips as a means of discovery whether they had been sampling the contents of the family amphora. But the law as affecting women was in time so far modified that they were permitted to drink wine made from boiled raisins.

Correspondence

HISTORY OF A JACK KNIFE.

Laura Etta P., of Skouhegan, Maine, sends the following:—

One day as I lay in a box with a great many other knives, a lady came in with a bright, robust young boy. She asked to see some jackknives and our box was taken down from the shelf on which we were kept. She looked us all over and finally I was chosen for the first knife for her boy, which was fortunate for him but unfortunate for me. He was delighted with me, and could not wait until he got home before he used me, so he tried to whittle on a box which was in the store, but it was so large that he could not do anything to it. To my great pleasure I was put in his pocket and left until he arrived home.

Before he had me many days I was taken to a shop, and ground until I fairly ached. The boy took me and used me as though I had no feelings. He would cut into the side of the house with me. I thought that he ought not to do it, but when we were found out the blame was all laid on him and he was punished, and did not think of whipping me to my great satisfaction.

One day my owner was out on a sand bank, and accidentally I fell out of his pocket and was left in the sand. Day after day I lay there in the hot sun and pelting rain. It seemed weeks before I was picked up again and put in the pocket of one of my owner's playmates, who returned me to my owner.

After lying in the sand for so long I did not shine as I did before. Then I was taken and rubbed until I looked almost as bright as before.

My owner used me every day until I was dropped in the stable floor, where I was

stepped on by a large working horse. Then I was spoilt, so that I was not of much service to my master, but it taught him a lesson not to be so careless with his things.

But one day as he was going by a store he saw some small knives in the window. He went in and purchased another one for my place, as his aunt had given him fifty cents as a birthday present. He looked at it and then took me out and looked at us together and then put me at the bottom of his pocket carelessly; and then put his new one in his pocket carefully, but not careful of hurting me.

The new knife said to me, 'It is too bad for him to use you so carelessly, as you probably have done good service for him.'

I answered, 'Yes, I have done my service, although he has been rough with me a great many times, but I hope he will use you better than he has me, and you will be of good service to him.'

Then I felt my owner's hand take hold of me and I said to my new acquaintance, 'Good-bye, be of good cheer and do your work well.' Then I was thrown away on a heap of things, some of which had been destroyed by this very same boy.

Dear Editor,—I have written once before to the 'Messenger' and thought I would like to write again. Our school stopped, the last of June, for two months' holidays. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the page for little folks, and the 'Correspondence.' I am very fond of reading. I live on a farm quite near to the beach, and in summer go down to bathe. For pets I have two cats and a dog named Fido, I wonder if any of the little 'Messenger' readers' birthday is on the same date as mine, May 12. There was a great fire here lately, which swept away thirteen buildings. Hoping your paper will prosper, and with all good wishes, I remain, yours sincerely,

ROSIE H. M.

Richmond, P.S.

Would Rosie E. T. please send me her full address, as I wish to write to her.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and we like it very well. I go to Sunday-school and to day-school, and I am in the fourth book. We have a good Sunday-school; there are eleven in my class besides myself. I live near the school house. I live so near that the scholars come to our well for a drink. I have one brother and no sisters.

JOSEPH G. C., (aged 10.)

Finch.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the township of Galbraith. I go to school, and am in the fourth reader. My teacher's name is Miss M. Currie, from Collingwood. We all love her. I go to church and Sabbath-school and get your valuable paper, the 'Messenger,' there. We would miss it very much if we did not get it. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mrs. T. Pace. We all like her; she is a good teacher. The name of our church is the Epworth Methodist Church. Our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. E. Bennett; we think he is a nice man and a good preacher. I was at a picnic a short time ago and enjoyed myself very much. I have a pet hen, and a pet cat. Some Indians were passing down the creek back of our house, and the little girl had the cat with a buckskin string around its neck and through the night the cat got loose and went a little piece and became tangled to a knot on a log and in the morning they could not find it. We heard it after they went away. My brother got it. We call it Slim Jim. He is a great pet. Our dog's name is Prince. We have another cat we call Louisa. I have four sisters—two are married—and four brothers. I am the youngest girl. I saw in the 'Messenger' a letter from a little girl, Annie Allen, of Kelley's Cave. Her birthday and mine are on March 28, only she is older than I am. This is a nice country. Some people who have never been here, think that Algoma is not fit for white people to live in, but if they were to come here they would soon think differently. It is a lovely country, and very healthy, but I will describe the place another time, as that would take too much space in your paper for one letter. From your little friend,

EVELINE H. S., (aged 11.)

Ophir, Algoma.